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WELLESLEY, MASS., JANUARY 18, 1890.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. 1. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, JANUARY 18, 1890. No. 14

The Wellesley Prelude.

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YES, Wellesley is most happy that she has a Glee Club, and that there is every prospect that the college enthusiasm will find disciplined vent hereafter in a distinctive cheer, or cry, which we all have every confidence in the committee to believe will be a "thrilling success";——but some of us are not satisfied. Can we not adopt something distinctive, pleasing, significant as an expression of our enthusiasm in the lecture and concert hall, which shall delight the eye, and not rend the ear?

The outburst of a whirlwind of noise as a token of appreciation of performances scenic, oratorical, and musical, has been the custom all down the centuries, and Wellesley has no objection to time-honored customs if they be the best.

But some of us, both Faculty and Students, have been discussing, of late, whether this is the best, and have wondered if our nerves are exceptional, in finding the restfulness and charm of delicious music rudely broken by the tumult of sound of clapping hands, which is always loudest when it is least welcome.

Cannot we devise some method of applause which will give full utterance to our appreciation, which will please our guests who are entertaining us, and which will offend no sense? Some of us, in Chautauqua assemblies or Woman's Temperance gatherings, have seen, in the salute which has been well called the "blossoming of the lilies," a refined and thrilling expression of intense enthusiasm. In the reception given by the Lord Mayor of London to the International Sunday School Association last summer, the English hosts expressed themselves charmed with this response, by the American Delegates, to the speech of welcome.

Might we not find here a suggestion, and, provided with silk ribbons or banners, or handkerchiefs, of the class or college colors, let a symphony of color succeed a symphony of sound? What does the PRELUDE think about it?

Sarah F. Whiting.

The PRELUDE wishes it had its applause handkerchief in order to express suitably its approval of the new plan which is presented by Miss Whiting above.

Certainly no one among us can be so conservative that she wishes to keep our present barbarous custom of applause—for it is nothing less than barbarous for human beings to make such an insufferable din with their hands to express their enjoyment. It is a mystery that cultured society of the present day has tolerated this practice so long. However, as a college, we have come to feel the evils of it, and now a substitute is proposed.

The PRELUDE finds no strong objection which can be raised to this plan. With little expense it can be carried out easily, and the effect would be very pretty. The only objection which suggests itself is that this method of applause might be considered girlish by some. Let such persons consider whether it is not better for girls to be girlish to a reasonable

degree rather than to perpetuate the customs of the rabble of all past ages.

Miss Whiting suggests that we use "ribbons, banners or handkerchiefs." Handkerchiefs seem best adapted to give a good effect, and these handkerchiefs can be made from surah with very little trouble. In considering the general effect we must decide whether it will be better to leave the choice of colors to the individual tastes, or to adopt class colors only.

The whole question is very simple: shall we cling to our old custom with all its evils, just because it is the existing custom, or shall we accept the offered substitute, which, without any unpleasant features, fulfils all the requirements of applause? The PRELUDE gives its vote for the new method, but it will be glad to have the matter freely discussed through its columns.

Let us decide this question as soon as possible, so that in case the new plan should be adopted, it could go into effect at once.

A WELLESLEY FLAG.

A wistful glance on every face,
The PRELUDE too is full of't,
Ambition hurries on space
One wild desire to raise aloft
A college cry—

But ne'er content will our hearts find,
Until, with soft sweet melody,
Our Wellesley blue floats in the wind,
A tribute of true loyalty,
A Wellesley flag—

BROKEN RAINBOWS.

[From the Sermon, Sunday, Dec. 8.]

God breaks up the rainbows for our autumn beauty,
Scatters them, with loving care, over the eastern hills,
Lets the little, glad bits brighten all the branches,
Sending harmonies of color whereso'er He wills.

Loving care, which offers gladly of its service
To brighten all the dark spots in the dreariest life,
Gives beyond the needful, gives in gracious bounty,
Helping to make easy the battlefields of strife.

In darkest shadow lurks the bit of broken rainbow,
Waiting only till the sun and shower more closely meet:
So, in times when life is darkest in the living,
The broken bits of comfort we are sure to find most sweet.

H. M., '92.

MODERN LANGUAGE STUDY.

[*The first of a series designed to aid the Student in the choice of Electives.*]

In considering the value to the student of a course in modern languages, the social advantages which are derived from the study are the most apparent and, perhaps, the greatest that can be urged in its favor, and certainly no other college course repays the student better in social ways. Whether regarded as an accomplishment in the drawing-room, a commodity in foreign travel, or as an enhancement of the delights of the study, a proficiency in modern tongues proves a most advantageous requirement. But the increasing interest shown of late in the study of modern languages is due to something more than their mere social value. There are other advantages to be fairly claimed for them which being less manifest are generally less recognized, and it is these I wish to emphasize as far as space permits. It is not long since the classic tongues of Greece and Rome held the first rank in importance in the foreign language department of our colleges, and the study of French or German was considered to be more fully the pastime of Seminary misses. Both teachers and students have been responsible for the superficiality which has characterized modern language work in the past, and which has brought the educational value of these branches into question. Owing to the naturally greater facilities attending the acquirement of the modern tongues the student has found it possible to attain a showy fluency in these languages without much, if any, thorough understanding of grammatical principles, and the teacher has too often been contented with such results. However this estimate of the comparative value of the foreign languages is fortunately no longer a just one, and will not obtain after the improved methods of modern language instruction have fairly gained ground. It is maintained that the discipline acquired by the arduous mastering of the classic grammars very nearly compensates the student for the enormous amount of time consumed in the labor, and even for the very limited uses to which he can put his knowledge when finally attained. That the same mental discipline may be gained in the pursuit of modern languages has been shown in the recent discussions on the natural and scientific methods of

language instruction. It is evidenced that sufficient material exists in the French or the German grammar to exercise the keenest wits, and that the student will have successfully trained his mind to concentrated thinking by the time he has mastered the subtleties of the French participle or of the German subjunctive. The classic languages have no grammars which enter more minutely into the metaphysics of speech than do those of Blaaty or Chassang—and the thorough student will find their disciplinary value as great as that of Hadley or Harkness. An acquaintance with modern languages is also of great literary value. The student of literatures, unversed in these languages, is necessarily limited to the particular foreign works which have been translated into his own tongue, and is consequently cut off from many works, scientific and literary, which are of the first merit. The foreign student rightly claims that even in the most faithful translations there is inevitably lost much of the essential force and significance of the originals—that the most sympathetic renderings are at least inadequate to convey the nicer touches of humor, or of pathos, or to do more than suggest the foreign atmosphere of thought and feeling, to which English words are not native ; and it thus appears that no English student unversed in foreign tongues is fully qualified to pass judgement upon, or even privately to estimate, literary productions of foreign origin, since his inability wholly to grasp a foreign work cripples his power of criticism. Prof. Boyesen might have written as truly of many another French author as of Alphonse Daudet : " His pages abound in winged words which the reader (if he be sufficiently skilled in the vernacular to perceive their exquisite flavor) sits and gloats over and returns to with fresh delight. But these winged words, butterfly winged words one might almost call them, are so light and delicate that they are apt to lose their color and perfume in the hands of the translator. Who for instance could ever hope to transfer into another tongue that maze of sun-steeped southern phrases,—redolent of 'dance and Provencal song and sunburnt mirth,' which are collected under the title —'Lettres de mon Moulin,' " and it is safe to add that, from the nature of things, no translator, of whatever inspiration, will ever quite succeed in catching, for instance, that inimitabl play of light and shade, reflected from the poet's own checkered experience, in the lyrics of Heine, or the infinite perspective of the Faust idea, in the not over sensative mirror of English phraseology. It follows therefore that to the literary specialist, who must carry his studies beyond the border-lines of English, a knowledge of foreign tongues, and especially of French and German in which languages are written so many of the world's masterpieces, and in which also so much of modern creative thought is expressed, is quite indispensible.

Florence Driggs Ely.

THE ARYAN FAMILY.

Once upon a time there lived among the children of the sky a black-eyed, dark-skinned princess. Neither beautiful nor fair, but warm-hearted and true, she was wooed and won by the Prince of Light and Life. Upon her brow he placed a sparkling diadem of quaint design, wrought by the fairy children of the Frost King. He robed her in garments of royal green, girded her with the golden sunshine and gave unto her sandals as light as the sea foam and beautiful as the pink sea shell.

Every morning, as he gently pressed a kiss upon her brow, he breathed a benediction, and she, smiling, was happy in the sunshine of his love. Every evening, as he took his journey into the far west, she softly wept and drew about her the veil of darkness until the morning.

Years passed by ; children came to gladden their hearts. The two eldest, simple children of nature, warm-hearted, impulsive, yet faithful and true, were rich in glorious possibilities, in hidden powers of mind and soul. To them was given to explore the mysteries of the dark continent and of the South Sea Isles.

Two other children gathered round the hearthstone. The one, precocious for his age, was ever seeking to know why and how and what. So active was he in the pursuit of truth, so many and varied were his inventions, that his parents, fearing for his health, sent him to the land of the rising sun, forbidding him from further prying into the secrets of nature. The other cared little for his books, but, quick of thought and fleet of foot, he delighted to roam the forests in search of the wild

deer. To him they gave the bow and a quiver of arrows and for a hunting ground the land of the setting sun.

But the brightest and fairest of all, the child of their old age, was little Sunbeam; full of promise, she developed into a noble woman. She became the mother of him who built mighty pillars and pyramids and temples, of him who gave unto the world its three purest religions, Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, and of her who, as God's own messenger, was destined to carry the Christian religion into all the earth.

Thus did Aryan trace her lineage through little Sunbeam back to the Prince of Life and to Mother Earth.

The early home of the Aryan family was in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea. Of their home life we know but little. That little we learn from the seven daughters who long retained certain peculiar words and phrases learned at their mother's knee. Thus we discover that they were a religious household, worshipping the powers of nature, but that they knew nothing of public worship. As children they learned the meaning of adoration, piety, faith, prayer, sacrifice, but were ignorant of priest, idol, temple and altar. They had no king, no laws, but chiefs and customs. The pater, the oldest member of the family ruled; under him were the chief of the Kins and the chief of the Sics.

Peacefully did they dwell in their home by the Caspian Sea, tilling the soil, grinding the wheat and barley into meal, herding the cattle, weaving into cloth the wool, the hemp and the flax. They cooked their food, prepared fermented drinks and knew the healing properties of many herbs. Although skilled in the use of the bow and ready with their shield to ward off the darts of the enemy, they practised the arts of peace rather than those of war.

As they watched their flocks by night they studied the heavens and noted the connection between the flight of time and the movement of the stars.

Seasons came and went while the family circle remained unbroken. At length the eldest daughter, tired of her home life with its never changing round of duties, courted Adventure and journeyed southward to the banks of the Indus. Here 1500 B. C. were born the Vedas, children of her poetic fancy. Their childish lips she early taught to sing, in ancient Sanscrit, the praises of the gods. They were eager to learn, for was not grandmother Aryan coming to see them, and would not she be pleased? But alas, it was Caste who came to enslave both the mother and her children. No longer were they free, but were bound, even in the minutest details, to do just as the great Caste should command.

Warned by the fate of her sister, Iran, child of light, founded her new home in Persia near the old homestead. She wedded Truth, and unto her was born the Law of the Medes and Persians and the Zend Avesta. The latter proclaimed the doctrines of Zoroaster, saying that the world is governed by two supreme spirits, Good and Evil, each striving for the mastery, each to be feared and worshipped.

The next to leave her mother was the fair Hero. Won by her brave Leander, she crossed the Hellespont, willing to face with him unknown dangers. Valorous, noble, a very Apollo in form and feature, he was in every way worthy of her. Unto this royal pair were born Art, Epic Poetry, Wisdom, and Spartan Courage. Pericles became the patron of Art, carefully cherishing her, sparing neither thought, nor time nor money. Homer wooed Calliope, the nurse of Epic Poetry, who dwelt in Mount Parnassus. The Iliad and the Odyssey were the fruit of their union. At the feet of Wisdom sat Thales, Anaximander, Anaxagoras, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Solon, Socrates. She showered her favors upon them all and would be won by none.

On the banks of the Tiber, in sunny, blue-skied Italy, did Roma build her house. She wedded Mars, the god of war, and her children were the mighty ones of earth, Conquest, Government, Law.

Three daughters now remained at home, Celt, Teuton and Slave. The first to leave was Celt. She journeyed toward the west, but Teuton, following, forced her into the far west even into Gaul and into the British Islands. Here she was wooed by Fancy and to the pair were born Beauty of Color, Music, Imagination and Genius. Ferguson says: "The true glory of the Celt is in her [his] artistic elegance, without her [his] invention we should not have had a church worthy of admiration, or a statue we could look upon without shame." To her we owe the Legends of King Arthur, treasured by Tennyson in his Idylls of the King.

Teuton's husband was of rugged, sturdy frame, independent, a lover of freedom, possessing a strong, determined will able to surmount all obstacles. To him do great mental activity and strength owe their origin.

'Twas in the early years of Teuton's life in Europe when Ulfilas, a Latin monk, visited her and offered his services as a tutor. He reduced the Gothic language to writing and into it translated the Bible, with the exception of the four books of the Kings which he feared might unduly excite to war. He prepared the "Codex Argenteus" which contained a portion of the Gospels written with letters of silver foil and capitals of gold foil deeply impressed in very fine vellum.

Last of all came Slave, the glorious, who wedding Despotism became the mother of Anarchy, Nihilism and the Siberian Exile System. It is said that there are other children, unknown as yet, who shall one day arise, subdue the evil passions of their brothers and bring about a state of peace and concord. May that day quickly dawn.

The name of Aryan may mean upward, denoting aspiration. It may be related to *aristos* which signifies best, noblest, or to *Iran* meaning light. Whatever its meaning, Mother Aryan has bequeathed it to the keeping of her children. May they preserve it spotless and may the remembrance of those who prove unworthy be soon cut off from the earth.

Mary L. Southworth, '87.

ONE NIGHT.

It is night, black and gloomy. The wind is sweeping wildly around the building. It flaps the wisteria vine with bitter resentment and whirls the dry brown oak leaves against the window-panes; it stirs up the waters of Waban Mere until the peaceful little pond is black and ruffled, and worst of all it wakes a weary, weary girl. The long shadows make the room look uninviting to her sleepy eyes, the furniture is distorted, the very walls seem embossed with curious, shapeless figures. She looks around and tries to make everything seem natural before she settles back to dreams. But what is this? She feels a strange impulse which calls her—somewhere. A crackling leaf flies against the blind and the noise sounds wonderfully like, "be quick! be quick!" See! the very curtains blowing in the wind are long, thin arms which beckon her. She has no will—no resisting power but obeys with meek submission. She unlocks her door and steps softly into the corridor. The halls seem vague and endless. Everything is strangely out of proportion. In the dusky light, the pillars are vast columns, like those in Egyptian temples, the palms, a tropical forest. She glances timidly over the stair railing, as if over the edge of a precipice,—it is so still and black down there! It is just as bad to look up; the vista of galleries makes her eyes ache. The walk is very long—to somewhere; for still this strange impulse leads her on, on—where she does not know. It seems miles, she had never realized before that these corridors and stairways were so interminable. The sights so familiar in the daytime twist themselves into grotesque and horrible shapes. What is that dreadful group in the corner, that white, wreathing drapery, like a winding sheet? Why, that is only Niobe. How could even the darkness look so strange? Panting, the poor child sits on the lowest stair to rest. She gazes up the flight. The steps look so slippery and treacherous that she wonders how she ever dared come down them and shivers when she thinks of going back. Why, they were like the glass mountain in the fairy tale! She grasps the newel post with nervous fingers and thinks she will wait for morning before she risks her life again. But now she feels she can rest no longer, that mad impulse orders her on again. She turns down the east corridor and just glances in through the office door. She thinks she sees, sitting behind the desk, a black-veiled figure, rigid and stern. Her breath fails her but while she looks the illusion vanishes, and on she creeps. At last she is by Diana and suddenly knows that she has come to her journey's end. She tries to collect her sense, and to logically reason why she is here and what she is to do, but she cannot. She can only hear the sobbing wind and see that ominous pendulum, swaying back and forth—back and forth. It looks relentless and grim. There is something terrible in the thought that while so many people are sleeping and the world is wrapt in night, this mysterious instrument is constantly swinging in obedience to fixed laws,—

laws that had been as long as the eternal, and would be to infinity. That heavy weight quivering in the currents of air which keep it in slight motion make her dizzy and nervous—so dizzy and so nervous that she would give all she possessed, could she sever that endless cord and let the restless iron crash down upon the floor. Anything would be better than that ceaseless motion. Wait! who is this standing beside her, her eyes fixed with the same fascination upon the pendulum? It is a woman. Her draperies are wild and windy like the night itself; her face is brown and shrivelled and her great, dark eyes show strong determination. Somehow she is familiar. Who is this creature and how did she come? Her tread must have been noiseless as all her movements are now. After all, it is a relief to see even a ghost and, perhaps—who knows?—she will stop this frightful pendulum. Horrible! what is she doing? She has seized the wire and is setting the weight to swinging still more. See! it goes farther and steadier every time. What long vibrations! it moves as if some hidden power lay in the cold iron. Oh look! it almost hits the banisters—and now it strikes into them, splitting the wood with a harsh sound; on, on it goes—ghastly sight it is completing a circle! Will the heavy walls stop it? No, no—crash! hear the timbers giving way! on, on—still on—higher and higher—the building shakes,—it will fall. Spell bound the two figures watch the weight as it swings on in its remorseless course. The iron is far above them now and has left behind a train of ruin. Suddenly the author of the mischief gathers up the folds of her garment and with one dark look over her shoulder glides away. It is the Cumaean Sibyl. Her companion recognizes her and speeds after. She hardly knows why, whether it is to escape the destructive pendulum or to avenge the guilty woman; a moment ago she was paralyzed with fright now new life is hers. She has reached the centre—has almost caught the flying figure, the fluttering draperies blow against her cheek. She reaches out her hand but closes it on—nothing. The woman has risen and vanished. Did I say vanished?—rather has become a being stamped on the very wall. Her baffled pursuer strains her eyes and looks at the spot in blank amazement. And there the grey light of morning finds her standing motionless, gazing at the painted Cumaean Sibyl. The dawning day seems to rouse her and almost instinctively she turns down to the place which the remembrance of last night makes her shrink from seeing. Wonder of Wonders!—there is the pendulum swinging quietly just as usual. The walls are hard and firm as ever. Only the stag's foot—pathetic sight!—is severed from the poor beast's body and lies prostrate at the base of Diana.

Theodora Kyle, '91.

SMITH LETTER.

For all girls who go to college the life of lectures and recitations must be much the same. It is well known that devotional exercises begin the day and are followed in regular succession by the meeting of the different classes according to a pre-arranged plan. What is learned in these classes can be easily discovered by a glance at the annual catalogue. But the social atmosphere of every community is essentially different from that of every other, and it is in just this, that lies the peculiar charm of Smith College.

Its situation makes it like a little city set upon a hill, and the ten classes that have gone forth from its walls, mindful of the pleasant days spent there, have made it their care that it should not be hid. There are many teachers among its Alumnae, and in their annual class letters, it is remarkable how each of these teachers tells of the interest her pupils feel in her Alma Mater, and how many of them, through her personal influence, have determined at least to make trial of the life she has so often told them about.

The main building of the Smith College group contains the large Hall where all social gatherings are held, a large reference library, and the requisite number of rooms for the meeting of classes. One room on the ground floor is provided with the daily newspapers from Springfield, Boston, New York and Chicago, and numerous weekly and monthly magazines, journals and reviews. It has been delightfully fitted up by the literary society of the college. Not far from the building is the Hilyer Art Gallery, which was opened seven years ago. On the ground floor it contains the largest collection of casts in the country. In the main room of

the floor above are a number of fine paintings, added to from time to time, and the side rooms have cases of photographs and many Arundal prints.

After passing behind these buildings, the most attractive view of the college is seen. Directly in front stands the oldest dwelling house, an old-fashioned family mansion, called the Dewey House, still presided over by the lady who came there in the very first days of the college. To the right is the Halfield, named for the village where our foundress lived, and to the left larger dwellings, the Washburn and Hubbard, that take their names from donors. Towards the south stood once a little, wooden building which served as a gymnasium, and beside it the large and commodious music-building fitted up with tiny practise-rooms, a hall for concerts and various offices. The gymnasium has since been moved to the west, and, three years ago, a large scientific building was erected in its place and presented to the college by Mr. A. T. Lilly. Since then two new dwelling houses and an observatory have been added. There are a number of tennis-courts, and at the back, the ground slopes towards the river. In the distance are low purple hills which must still make a lovely view for the girls who are fortunate enough to have rooms with the western outlook.

I believe that Smith College initiated the cottage system and thus offered a strong and most attractive inducement to students. Each of the dwelling houses has a lady–in–charge, whose chief duty and pleasure is to act as a gracious hostess to the girls in her house. In the dining-rooms of the smaller houses there are two tables, at each of which, fourteen can be seated, while in the larger houses four tables are necessary. It is almost needless to say that the occupants of each house believes her own to be the best in the grounds. Breakfast and dinner were never meals to be lingered over. After the first meal there was but scant time before "chapel." A last bit of studying had been reserved for those last minutes, a book must be returned to the college library, or at all events each girl had her room to be put in order for the day, as the making of her bed and dusting her room was the only household work acquired of each girl.

After supper came the most delightful part of the day. In each house, one of the teachers had a room, and in our house the girls would gather for a half hour's dance, or seated near a blazing wood-fire, listen while some new book was read aloud. Sometimes our house-mother brought us together in her room and told us tales of the many interesting people she had known. She had a wide circle of friends well known in the world of literature and travel, and it seemed to be her greatest pleasure, when any of these came to see her, to invite "her girls," as she called us, in to afternoon tea, and to listen while an author read to us from his own works, or a traveller showed us photographs, and talked to us of what he had seen.

Three or four times in the year a general reception was given, sometimes to the students alone, sometimes friends from the outside world were asked. A unique incident of these entertainments occurred usually as ten o'clock approached. All eyes seemed drawn towards the main entrance of the Social Hall, where suddenly appeared a remarkable sight. It was "John" with a long pole in his hand, and what was always considered a vindictive gleam in his eye. At the first boom of our college clock striking ten, he darted for the nearest gaslight, and turned it out. There was not one person in the long room that did not see that the first light disappeared, and it was marvellous how quickly they all scattered to their different houses. That all lights should be extinguished on the stroke of ten was practically the only rule, but it was rigidly enforced and I doubt not saved the health of many an ambitious maiden. On these festive occasions, several years ago, memorabilia were absolutely necessary,and perhaps took the place of refreshments which were never served. Everyone had a memorabilia book,and who can tell what has now become of those valuable collections of burnt matches, bits of paper, tubes from the chemical laboratory, and debris from the waste basket generally.

Very often there were small entertainments given by the girls themselves in their own rooms, and as these had for their principal attraction, a liberal supply of refreshments, they generally took place about six o'clock in the evening and were very popular. One set of girls met regularly at this time Saturday evenings, and after supper played for

half an hour.

One literary and two dramatic societies flourished vigorously, each of the dramatic societies included the occupants of one house; the Olla Podrida at the Washburn, and the Tertium Quid at the Hubbard. They gave performances monthly, and the audiences consisted entirely of invited guests.

The literary society called the Alpha, was much more ambitious and aimed at gathering within its fold, the brightest minds and most attractive girls in the whole college. Their meetings increased in interest continually, and were very pleasant affairs. At the smaller and more private sessions the members met in the gymnasium and listened to the literary treat of the evening seated with some sort of dainty needle-work at small tables scattered about the room.

In the late Winter and Spring of 1886, a great interest in birds was aroused. Perhaps it will be remembered that at this time there was a general effort made to protect these little creatures, as it was found they were in great danger of wanton destruction. Meetings were held by the Smith College girls, and John Burroughs was asked to visit the college and make an address. He accepted the invitation, and the result of his visit was the formation of an Audubon Society. All the Spring, strangers were startled to see the girls standing perfectly still all over the grounds, apparently turned to stone, while others were gazing up into the trees with opera glasses at their eyes. It became necessary to explain very frequently that these girls were only listening to the birds songs or studying the birds themselves.

While the week days were thus taken up with their manifold duties and pleasures, Sunday was always looked forward to as a delight. Its observance at Smith was very marked. Most of the girls were good Congregationalists and conscientiously helped to fill the seats of the two large churches of that denomination in Northampton. They were even more practical than this. Many of them went to Sunday School, and some conducted a Mission-school in the afternoon two miles from the college. But it was among themselves within the college walls that the religious feeling was most clearly apparent. One of the Professors conducted a Bible-class at noon, and each class held a Prayer-meeting after supper which lasted half an hour. Occasionally there was a general prayer-meeting in the parlors of the Hubbard House, or the girls would meet there to sing hymns after the class prayer-meetings.

The times I describe were before the days of the "King's Daughters," but I was told recently by the president of that order, that there were more of her constituents there than at any other woman's College. A Missionary Society has long flourished and its president for many years was Frau Kapp who stands at the head of the German department. Meetings which were greatly enjoyed, occurred monthly, and early Sunday morning taps were heard on the doors of the various girls' rooms betokening the approach of the missionary collector with her box for the weekly nickel expected from the members of the society.

And so the life went on, each day bringing its own duties, pleasures and compensations, until the four years had flown away, and Commencement came with its pleasures even though a strong undertone of sadness made itself felt. We were thrust forth, it almost seemed, into a new phase of existence, and what had been real transformed itself into happy memories that nothing else that we could know, no troubles or pleasures could take from us.

FOREIGN LETTER.

No. 2 Newnham Terrace, Cambridge, England.

The fire is burning briskly in the grate, pictures, some of which you would recognize, are on the table and desk. Miss Montague is reading the Christian Union, and, obedient to your Editor in Chief, I am to tell you something of Cambridge life.

Our home for the year is fortunately situated, not ten minutes walk from Newnham College, fifteen minutes is ample time to reach any of the University lecture rooms, while a step from our door brings us to Queens' Road, which passes the "Backs" as the broad green meadows back of Queens', King's, Clare, Trinity and St. John's Colleges are called. Sometimes our appointments take us up a little lane to Newnham, sometimes in the opposite direction, to the lecture rooms of Trinity, or the New Museums; but scarcely a day passes that one afternoon walk does not lead us through the gravel walks that traverse the "Backs" and across some one of the many college bridges that span the Cam. It is the beauty of these bridges, the fine willows and beeches along its banks, that furnish the

charm of this tiny, slow-flowing river. From any of the bridges, on an afternoon, may be seen sculls gliding up and down the stream, whose occupants are rowing for pleasure; the man who is ambitious for an oar in any of the college crews rows further down the river.

The work of the Cambridge student, man or woman, is done in the morning and evening. The students whom one meets in the morning are hurrying to lecture, the men in cap and gown, the members of Newnham and Girton distinguished by the inevitable note-book.

In the afternoon the town wears a different aspect. The whole University seems to be abroad. We were told on our arrival that it was not good form, at least among the men, to study in the afternoon. And one day's experience was enough to convince us that very few of the some four thousand undergraduates are guilty of bad form in this particular. The town is alive with students and not a cap or gown to be seen; for the men think this scholarly dress a bore, and never wear it except to lecture, or in the evening, when the law of the University compels them to do so. Some of them are in blazers, of colors differing with the colleges to which they belong, bound for the river, the foot-ball ground or the tennis-court, some in the ordinary attire of mankind, destined to be spectators at the foot-ball matches that occur almost daily. One is ambitious at first to be able to tell a man's college by the color of his blazer, but when it is discovered that every one of the twenty-one colleges has one combination of colors for boating, and another for foot-ball and tennis, one is contented with a knowledge of the colors of a few of the principal colleges. Tennis is the favorite sport of the students of Newnham and Girton, and not only are there matches between these two colleges, but, we are told, every May, in a private park in the vicinity of London, a tennis match is held between the students of Newnham and Girton and the women of Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls at Oxford. In the evening the cap and gown is once more seen on the street, for no undergraduate is allowed to be abroad at night without this scholarly badge. The procter and his "bull dogs" is sure to discover the student not in the regulation costume and the unfortunate is fined. The student who is seen smoking in cap and gown meets a similar fate. You will be interested to know that the ten o'clock rule prevails here among the men. The gates of every college are locked at ten, and any student out after that time must ring to gain admittance. In some colleges the student is fined if he is out after ten withont permission, and in all he is fined and "halled" when out after twelve. In addition, for the last offence the unfortunote student is not allowed to be out of his rooms after eight o'clock for several days. Yet in one of the college debating societies this term the question, "Are there too many restrictions upon the undergraduates in this University?" was decided in the negative.

Our kind hostess has made it possible for us to see something of Queen's, St. John's and Emmanuel Colleges. The unique feature of our visit to Queens' was the sight of the college kitchen. The room is a very large one, and the walls were lined with all sorts of kitchen utensils, polished to the brightness of a mirror. The upright fire box, in the huge fire-place, is large enough to roast an ox whole. Our visit was so timed that we saw the joints for dinner cooking on the turning-spits. The air in the chimney is utilized to turn these spits, and one can well believe that joints cooked in this way have a peculiarly delicious flavor. The presiding genius of the kitchen was an old woman of eighty, who has served the college for fifty years without a day's rest except for illness. Her devotion, our hostess said, even went so far as to have her husband's funeral at nine o'clock in the evening, that she might not be absent from her work. Our visit was on one of the first days of the term, and she said it was "*noice*" to see the students back again, and she spoke with pride of the amount of jam and marmalade she had provided for them. There is a tradition that an undergraduate is obliged to consume a certain amount of marmalade before he can take his degree, and this tradition is supposed to account for the undergraduate's fondness for this sweet.

All Americans are anxious to see Emmanuel, the Alma Mater of John Harvard. The two signatures in the college register, which show that he took both his B. A. and M. A. degrees before sailing for America, are the only record of his college life. In the college chapel, which has been remodeled, there is a window representing Chaderton, the first Master of Emmanuel and John Harvard, the founder of the American University. Emmanuel is proud to own Harvard as her daughter, and if the mother of Harvard, why not the grandmother of Wellesley?

No one can see Cambridge without being impressed with the beauty of the different colleges and their surroundings. No one can stand in the quadrangle without thinking of men who have found here the inspiration for lives which have contributed much to England's greatness. No one can see the University town when the students are up, without believing that there is the same inspiration for the undergraduates of to-day, without feeling sure, that the England of the future will owe as much to Cambridge as the England of the past.

Ellen F. Pendleton, '86.

There is nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by despising the example of nature, and making arbitary rules of life for ourself. Our liberty, wisely understood, is but a voluntary obedience to the universal laws of life.—*Amiel.*

THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Dec. 15, Dr. A. S. Freeman of Haverstraw, N. Y., preached from the text Ps. 42 : 2; "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God."

Bishop B. H. Paddock conducted Episcopal services on Jan. 12. His text was 2 Kings 5 : 13; "And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, 'My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee Wash, and be clean?'"

* * *

On Saturday evening, Dec. 14, the Juniors gave a Christmas Masque for the entertainment of the Freshmen, "at ye castle of ye Queen Elizabeth, which is ye deserted Art Gallery." The entrance hall of the castle was defended by the fierce king of the pirates with all his host. He had made one side of the hall a grotto in the sea, strewn with sea-weed and shells and star-fishes, where Neptune sat in state, upholding his trident. Upon the other side, coils of rope, nets, oars, rope ladders, and a life-boat proclaimed the deck of a ship. Each entering guest, having passed the inky banner of the king of the pirates, and the threatening, glittering knives of his attendants, must walk the plank and cross the line before she was met by the graceful sea-nymphs who conducted her to the court-room. The fair queen, seated in royal magnificence among her courtiers, with gracious mien received the visitors. The Christmas "waits" with snowflakes glistening in their hair carolled a welcome. The ferocious pirates and jolly sailor boys danced the fisher's hornpipe. In another part of the castle a gay band of gypsies had pitched their tent and hung their cauldron, from which they dispensed favors, tiny masques and mystic cakes. A huge wooden bowl of wassail in truth brought the Christmas cheer. The jovial Lord of Misrule at last proclaimed a masque to be given for the pleasure of Her Majesty and her guests. Prologue, stepping forward, gave the plot. Wisdom had fled the court, and now the seat was claimed by many men of varied character. '79, "the discoverer of lands lying around Lake Waban, known as Wellesley College," declared his right to go to court. '80, the prentice boy, and '84, the scholar, and '88, the pedler, whom "everybody knows," and who is "renowned for theatrical talent," each in turn made his claim. Then '90, the court jester, demanded a hearing, but the courtier '89, spoke before him. Close on the heels of the learned doctor, '91, came tripping '92, the English maiden, gaily singing, but giving "more attention to time than to tune." She bought a nosegay of the pedlar and coyly presented it to the gallant courtier '89. '93, the acolyte, and the small boy '94, declared themselves wise, though bashful '94 showed his wisdom by holding his tongue. The crier sent to court jolly '80, '89, and grave '91, and the small boys, '93 and '94, amid the groans of the unsuccessful claimants. After the masque, all the company went through the long corridor to the great banquet hall, where the cook, surrounded by his pages, carved roast pig and turkey; and while the guests made merry with feasting, the laughing mermaids with flowing hair, merrily danced with the sailor boys to the tune of the waltzes carolled by the "waits." When back in the castle hall again, ere the guests departed, gay courtiers and gypsies, and the many sea-folk, picturesquely mingled in the dance with nineteenth century maidens.

* * *

On the afternoon of Monday, December 16, the dining-room at Wood was darkened, not indeed for mourning, but for a matinée. The play, "The Fair Barbarian" was given for the Freeman, and for those at the College, who took in the poor wanderers from the Wood, and entertained them so hospitably during the early weeks of the term. The play was a simple affair, planned to entertain, and presented without elaborate preparation. The cast of characters was as follows:—

Aunt Belinda	Miss Jennie Mitchell
Octavia	Miss Camilla Gowans
Lady Theobald	Miss Alice Arnold
Lucia	Miss Ada Woolfolk
Poppleton	Miss Frances Palen
Captain Barold	Miss Mabel Norton
Burmistone	Miss Nell Dempsey
Jack	Miss Charlotte Allen
Mr. Bassett	Miss Isabel Stone
Mary Ann	Miss Mabel Glover
Dobson	Miss Jane Freeman

Not only did the guests thoroughly enjoy the afternoon, but it was also a great pleasure to their hostesses to entertain them. The day closed with an informal reception, at which simple refreshments were served. It is the hope of the Wood girls that when the house is finished it will be "warmed."

* * *

On Monday evening, December 16, the Beethoven Society gave its first concert, which was a brilliant success. Considering the fact that it was early in the year for the first concert of a newly formed chorus and

that only the ordinary time was given to the rehearsals, the results obtained were remarkable both musically and technically. The parts were very well balanced, and the promptness of attack, clearness of articulation, and generally good observance of expression were noticeable. The success of the concert bore testimony to the earnest and thorough training of the director, and to the hearty co-operation of the society. The program was as follows:—

The Angels of the Bells. *M. B. Foster.*
Short Christmas Cantata.
Solos by Misses Sheldon, Frost and Marot.
I Waited for the Lord, *Mendelssohn.*
Duet and chorus from the Hymn of Praise.
Solos by Misses Howe and Hammond.
Lady Bird, *Cowen.*
Homeward on the Flowing Tide. *Gaul.*
Estudiantina. *P. Lacome.*
Aria for Contralto, "Ah! Rendimi Quel Core," *Francesco Rossi.* (1686)
From the opera "Mitrane."
Miss Kate S. Hammond.
Cradle Song. Blanche of Provence, *Cherubni.*
Three Little Mice, *Arranged by F. L. Edes.*
O Beautiful Violet, *Reinecke.*
Lo! The Day is Deep'ning, *Smart.*
Waltz Song. Morning is Nigh, *Strauss.*

The program was varied and interesting. A pleasant feature was the rendering of a bright cantata, appropriate to the coming Christmas season. It was regretted that Miss Howe who was to have taken one of the solo parts in Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord" was prevented by illness from being present. Her place was filled by Miss Whittier of Boston, who sang most acceptably. Miss Hammond's voice is one of large compass and her solos were well rendered. The Estudiantina was given with much spirit and was especially well received. The merry chorus with the tambourine accompaniment pleased the audience, who demanded its repetition. The bewitching strains of the Strauss waltzes brought the program to a close. The good work of the chorus and that of the soloists combined to make this one of the most effective concerts ever given by the Beethoven Society. Musical critics from Boston have been kind enough to say that the work was far above what was expected from an amateur chorus, more nearly approaching the work of professional singers.

* * *

About thirty teachers and girls spent the holidays at College and enjoyed a very pleasant vacation, if not a particularly eventful one. The receipt of the mail was the event of each day. In the evening, sometimes charade parties were held; sometimes a game of hide and seek brought out the possibilities of the first floor centre and corridors; once a phantom party was given by the "ghosts of La Grippe," at which lemonade and pop-corn were served as a sure cure for the fashionable distemper; and on New Year's eve, a party of eight, sitting in the moonlight, watched the old year out and the new year in.

* * *

The concert on Monday evening, Jan. 13, which was given by the Beacon Orchestral Club, was one which will not be forgotten by those who heard it. An orchestral club composed entirely of women is certainly something very new and unique. It is in fact the only thing of its kind in Boston and is especially remarkable for two things. First, the players are for the most part all amateurs, and secondly, it possesses such a number of fine performers on wind instruments. Women who play, much less play well, on wind instruments are rare. The organization was originally very much smaller and it is only for a very short time that it has been as large as it is now. Miss Sherman is deserving of great credit and praise for her skilful leading and good training, as displayed by the different members of the club. The programme which was in every way most pleasing reads as follows:—

1. Overture, Die Shöne Galatea, *Fr. Von Suppé*
2. *a.* Italian Serenade, *Czibulka*
   b. Dutch Dolls, *Ostlere*
3. Quintett, Op. 114, *Josef Rheinberger*
   Allegro—Adagio.
4. Cornet Solo, Magnolia Serenade, *Missud*
5. Waltz "Am Neckarstrand," *Millocker*
6. *a.* Slumber Song, Op. 72, *H. Hoffman*
   b. Dream of the Sheperdess, Op. 43, *Labitzky*
   c. The Mill, *Gillet*
7. *a.* Marionette's Wedding March, *Jonas*
   b. Polish Dance, *Scharwenka*

The gem of the evening was most assuredly the Quintett. It was the only classical number, and of all the most artistically rendered. It may be of interest to all to know that the pianist, who is a very skilful performer, is a pupil of Prof. Hill. The cornet solo especially charmed the hearts and minds of the audience. It was remarkably fine. The tones were full, round and musical, and were given with a great deal of expression. Of the remaining numbers those which call for especial mention are the Overture, the Slumber Song and Marionette's Wedding March. They were all exceedingly well rendered and as regards the Wedding March, the performers themselves said that they had never played it so well.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WHY doesn't someone send in a college cheer?

PROF. Bascom of Wisconsin University gave four lectures to the class in Political Economy, this week. On Tuesday, Dr. Hovey lectured to the Senior and Junior classes on the Old Testament canon.

COLLEGE opened Thursday morning, January 9. Nothing could hinder the proceeding, not the progress of "la grippe" or even the absence of Miss Shafer. Miss Shafer is taking an extended vacation but we shall hope to welcome her back in a few days.

CORRECTION in poem by G. H. Gilbert in the PRELUDE, Nov. 30. Last stanza but one should read:

At home with the Lord! O Thou spirit set free,
  What mystery now may unfold to thy view!
What heights of sweet truth that before were so dim,
  Stand bathed in a morning eternally new.

A BOOK entitled the Englishman's Hebrew and Chaldee Concordance, has been presented to the Biblical Library by Miss Harriet Gray. The book which consists of two volumes is a valuable one and will throw light on many passages which owing to difficulties in translation have been obscure. We extend to Miss Gray our cordial thanks.

SATURDAY evening, January 11, the members of the Art Society gathered around the table in the Art Library, where the pretty, new lamps beamed a soft welcome upon them, for the meeting postponed from December 14. The subjects for the evening were, "*Elihu Vedder*," "*Modern Illustrators*." Miss Newman read an interesting paper giving an account of Vedder's life and of the character of his art. During the reading, pictures were passed about illustrating his work, and afterwards a short time was spent over the bewildering, fascinating pages of the Rubaiyât. Miss Sinclair then gave a clear account of the progress of modern illustration, especially as shown in the pages of our leading magazines. The comparison of volumes of Harper's Magazine of ten years difference in date, beginning with that of 1851, enabled the society to appreciate the marvellous growth in this particular. Graphic sketches of the lives and genius of William Hamilton, Gibson and C. S. Rheinhart were given by Miss Luther and Miss Tyler, and all enjoyed looking at some of their charming illustrations and felt a thrill of pride that America stood so high in this branch of art.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

At Scranton, Penn., Aug. 15, a son to Mrs. Emma Duryea Walter, student at Dana Hall, '85-'86.

At East Orange, N. J., Dec. 4, a daughter to Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80.

At Corey Hill, Brookline, Mass, Dec. 25, a son, Robert, to Mrs. Alice Vant George, '87.

MARRIED.

McCOULL–GAMBLE.—At Pekin, Ill., Dec. 19, at the home of the bride's father, Kari Power Gamble, '87, to Neil McCoull of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. L. Gamble.

DURYEA–PLUMMER.—At Omaha, Neb., Dec. 31, Annie I. Plummer, to Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, formerly of Boston.

DIED.

At Wellesley, Jan. 11, Mary Rowe.

At South Natick, Mass., Dec. 12, William Edwards, formerly Curator of the Museum at Wellesley College.

January 13, Louise Penfield Langford. Funeral from the house of George H. Penfield, Catskill, N. Y., at 2 P. M., Wednesday, Jan. 15.—*New York Tribune.*

Miss Langford was graduated from Wellesley in '83.

MISS Mary L. Jenks, '88, has gone with her mother to Washington for the winter.

Reports of recent meetings of the Western Wellesley Association and the Washington branch are deferred until next week from lack of space.

MISSES Mary J. Dudley, 83, and Sarah Dudley, '85, are spending the year in Europe. They are at present settled in Berlin for the study of German.

MISS Kate L. Runnells, student at Wellesley, '86-'87, has recently returned to Nashua, N. H., from a visit of several months with her sister, Mrs. Florence Runnells Bryant, '83, at Pullman, Ill.

MR. W. F. A. SILL of Windsor, Ct., with his daughters, Annie M. Sill, '80, and May E. Sill, student at Wellesley, '79-'83, is spending the winter at the West and is now at Colorado Springs. Miss Emma L. Morgan, student at Wellesley, '80-'84, is also of the party.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE University of Virginia is the football champion of the South.

JOHNS HOPKINS has formed a Tramp Club which takes an outing every Saturday.

CORNELL etiquette requires that no lady recognize a gentleman acquaintance on the university grounds.

A UNIVERSITY hospital costing $50,000 will shortly be erected at Ann Arbor for the University of Michigan.

THE Argentine Republic has two government Universities which rank with Yale and Harvard in curriculum and standard of education.

THE captains of six of the leading preparatory school nines of last year are among the candidates for the freshman nine at Harvard.

H. J. FURBER, JR., a graduate of the Chicago University, will devote $1,000,000 for founding at Chicago a great university, similar to that of Heidelberg.

AT the new college for women at Baltimore, each candidate for a degree will be obliged to exercise three hours a week in the gymnasium.

THERE is a strong feeling at Yale in favor of the appointment of a college pastor. The college has been without a college pastor since Dr. Barbour's resignation three years ago.

The expenses of the four leading athletic organizations at Harvard during the past year were as follows:

	Income.	Outlay.
Base-ball	$6,884.77	$7,298.02
Boating	9,918.03	10,076.17
Tennis	1,236.71	1,138.95
Foot-ball	16,326.25	6,943.05
	$34,365.85	$25,456.19

When the expenses of the smaller clubs are added to this amount, the sum total is found to be about $50,000, or about $25 per man.

THE *Concordiensis* of Union College offers a prize of $25 for the best college song submitted by an undergraduate.

IN its announcement the *Concordiensis* says: "Union is rich in her heritage of song, and in the fame of her song writers. Two men, at least, have gone out from her halls whose names are familiar, one throughout the world, and the other wherever a Union man finds an abiding place, and yet the reputation of each inheres solely in the writing of a single, but immortal, song. One wrote, "Home Sweet Home;" the other, the "Song to Old Union."

WABAN RIPPLES.

VACATION INCIDENTS.

SHE: I am a débutante this year.

HE: Are you? Then I know what kind of a bud you are.

SHE: What kind?

HE: An American Beauty.

ARDENT SHAKESPEARE STUDENT: I never can realize Shakespeare's *personality*. I never think of him as a light or dark man.

SCEPTICAL YOUTH: What color do you make him.

HELPFUL FRIEND: Color of Bacon?

WELLESLEY '92: It really is worse than the grip. I hardly know a girl in New York who is not engaged.

SERIOUS YOUTH: Well, isn't it queer how much fonder girls are of that sort of thing than men are? I've heard of lots of girls, lately, who are engaged, and of hardly a single man.

I.

A very little maiden was betrothed
To a young man who was very big and tall,
"I cannot see what he can find to love
In me, who am so very, *very* small."

II.

And her larger rival answered,
"I have heard—it must be true—
That a little distance often lends
Enchantment to the view."

REBELLIOUS INFANT: Auntie, I'm not going to say any prayers to-night.

AUNT: If you won't ask God to take care of you, I think you don't wish to have His care.

R. I.: No, I'm *not* going to say my prayers.

(Later) Auntie, shall you say your prayers to-night?

AUNT: Yes, I always do.

WEAKENING INFANT: Well, shall you ask God to send down an angel to take care of you?

AUNT: I shall ask Him to take care of me just as He sees fit.

STRATEGIC INFANT: Well, Auntie, I guess I had better get into your bed to-night.

SPEAKER (waxing eloquent): The same hand that made the mountains, made the little stream that trickles down the mountain side; the hand that made the mighty trees, made the tiny breeze that rustles through the branches; the hand that made *me*, made a daisy!

THE Ripples would like to suggest the following "wild lyrical cry" for our college yell as suggested by the needs of the times.

Grippety-grip, grippety-grip, grippety-grip! McGinty!!

OUR OUTLOOK.

There are 1,300 women printers in Paris.

In England there are nearly 10,000 women nail-makers and 347 blacksmiths.

Australia is the only civilized country in the world which prohibits women from entering the medical profession.

At the second examination in medicine held lately at Bombay, a lady was at the head of the list of successful candidates.

The "Oak Cliff Female Institute" at Dallas, Texas, is a new college for girls, which will accommodate 500 students. It is under Methodist auspices.

Pundita Rambai has twenty-five pupils in her school in India, and has now organized a branch of the King's Daughters among them.

Two hundred dollars from the proceeds of the National Pageant given in Hartford, Conn., was made the nucleus of a fund to establish a scholarship for women at the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Miss Maria Louise Baldwin, a young colored lady, has been appointed principal of the Agassiz School, which is the only school in Cambridge in which a woman principal is employed for grammar grades.

Miss M. A. Booth, of Longmeadow, Mass., is a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of England, and is to edit the department of microscopy in a new monthly journal, called the "Observer," devoted to natural history, popular science, etc.

In a room of the Western Union Telegraph Co. in New York a husband and wife are employed side by side. They work the same number of hours, and have equal skill, but the man gets fifteen dollars a month more than the woman.

At least 60 per cent. of the multitude of type writers in Chicago are women, as are 25 per cent. of the type setters, 50 per cent. of the telegraph operators, and perhaps 70 per cent. of employes in dry goods stores.

The largest land owner in the world is said to be Mrs Emma E. Forsyth, the daughter of a former American Consul at Samoa. She has a plantation of about 160,000 acres on an island near New Guinea, and employs over 500 people on it.

Mrs. Bentley, the wife of one of the best-known African missionaries, is teaching telegraphy to some black boys on the Congo. The last time she was in Europe she learned telegraphy for the purpose of training native operators. She hopes to have them ready for service by the time the Congo railroad is laid.

The evangelistic course of study in connection with the National W. C. T. U. is already a successful enterprise. The class of '92 now numbers more than sixty, and forty are enrolled in the class of '93. Arrangements have been made for a special W. C. T. U. Bible course for those who cannot pursue the full evangelistic course.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Atlantic for January. "Over the Teacups" Dr. Holmes speaks with good cheer of old age.—Mrs. Deland begins her novel "Sydney" in this number.—Agnes Repplier has an interesting paper on "English Love Songs."—The writer of "John Dickinson" brings before us one of the great statesmen of the Revolution, one who is in danger of being forgotten too soon.—David W. M. Burn has a sonnet worth reading, T. B. Aldrich has an "Echo Song," and in a poem called "Mens Sana" Edith M. Thomas tells us

> "Caution shall more peril meet
> Than ardor borne on glowing feet."

The Century for January is a rich number, and begins the year well. It opens with a picture of James Bryce, and later has a short sketch of the American Commonwealth.—Those who have heard Miss Amelia B. Edwards, will read with interest the article on "Bubastis," telling in her vivid way the story of the discovery, by M. Naville in 1887, of one of the chief places in Egypt, and its ancient and beautiful temple.—The "Present Day Papers" contain an able article on "Problems of the Family" by Samuel N. Dike.—"Andrea Mategna" is the subject of "Italian Old Masters" for this month.—Henry James gives an interesting paper on "Daumier, Caricaturist."—The "Abraham Lincoln" series tells the story of the terrible "Fourteenth of April."—Edward S. Holden of the Lick Observatory begins the astronomical papers with one on "The Real Shape of the Spiral Nebulæ."—There are two short stories, "A Crucial Test," and "Sancho Mitarra," the latter, a thrilling tale of Spanish romance and daring.—There are few poems, and of these "A Damascus Garden" by Margaret J. Preston is by far the best.—In "Topics of the Time," and "Open Letters," the important question of the "Care of the Yosemite Valley" is discussed.

The North American Review for January opens with a duel between Free Trade and Protection. As this duel is conducted by Wm. E. Gladstone and James G. Blaine it cannot fail to interest all who favor either side of the question.—"Robert E. Lee" is a eulogy by Jefferson Davis.—R. H. Thurston of Cornell University tells us that "The Border-Land of Science" si still ahead of us. The speculations of this writer in regard to the coming race and their inventions seem far from impossible.—In "A Romance of Old Rome" Rudolpho Lanciani, whose lectures many of us remember with pleasure, gives an account of a discovery made near the shore of the Tiber.—"By Gone Days in Boston" contains recollections of Webster, Everett, Choate, Emerson, Channing, and several other noted men.—"A Plea for Copyright" by Count Emile de Kératry is full of righteous indignation at the failure of the House of Representatives to discharge their duty in this matter.—"Women's Views of Divorce" are presented in strong papers by Mary A. Livermore, Amelia E. Barr, Rose Terry Cooke, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Jenny June.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Natural History Object Lessons. By Professor George Ricks, Inspector of Schools, London. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. This "Manual for Teachers" is arranged with a view to supplying information and suggestions to aid teachers in preparing "Systematic courses of interesting and instructive Natural History lessons, suitable for public elementary classes." This small volume contains a brief outline of the history of a flowering plant, many valuable facts concerning the economic products of plants, a few chapters upon "Animals and their Uses," and "Specimen Lessons" which present subjects in such a way as to develop thought and observation in the pupil. The book is not adapted, as the author suggests "To show the teacher, not conversant with the subject, the general relations of the various groups of plants and animals," yet to those who understand these relations it will be suggestive and valuable.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Practical Electricity. By W. E. Ayrton.

Wages Question. By F. A. Walker.

Supplement to Encyclopædia Brittanica, 4 vols.

Modern Views of Electricity. By O. J. Lodge.

Selected Poems. By Robert Burns. Edited by J. L. Robertson.

Scientific Papers, 2 vols. By Asa Gray.

Day in Ancient Rome. By E. S. Shumway.

Free Trade and Protection. By Henry Fawcett.

Critical Period of American History. By John Fiske.

Profit Sharing. By N. P Gilman.

English Odes. Complied by E. W. Gosse.

Lily Among Thorns. By W. E. Griffis.

Literary Landmarks. By M. E. Burt.

Prisoners of Poverty Abroad. By Helen Campbell.

Prolegomena to In Memoria. By Thomas Davidson.

Legend of Good Women. By Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Skeat.

Critical Philosophy of Kant, 2 vols. By Edward Caird.

History of the Christian Church. By G. P. Fisher.

Text Book of Physiology, 2 vols. By M. Foster.

History of 18th Century Literature. By Edmund Gosse.

Absolute Measurements in Electricity. By Andrew Gray.

Ecclesiastical Polity; book 1. By Richard Hooker. Edited by Church.

French Revolution. By W. O'C. Morris.

Chemistry of Photography. By Raphael Meldola.

Ten Commandments. By G. D. Boardman.

Law of the Constitution. A. V. Dicey.

History of Philosophy, 3 vols. By J. E. Erdmann. Edited by W. S. Hough.

Life of St. Paul. By James Stalker.

Familiar Studies of Men and Books. By R. L. Stevenson.

Popular Lectures and Addresses, vol. 1. By William Thomson.

Inquiry into Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup.

English Theatrical Literature. By R. W. Lowe.

Inorganic Chemistry. By Ira Remsen.

Quantitative Chemical Analysis. By J. H. Appleton.

Bibliography of American Books and Subjects. Complied by P. L. Ford.

Englishman's Hebrew and Chaldee Concordance. Complied by George V. Wigram.

Prussia under Frederic the Great, 2 vols. By Herbert Tuttle.

Die Philosophie Herakleitos, 2 vols. By Ferdinand Lasalle.

Elements of Political Economy. By Emile de Laveleye.

John the Baptist. By R. C. Houghton.

Messages of the Books. By Frederick W. Farrar.

Memories; John Evelyn. Edited by William Bray.

Church of the First Days. By C. J. Vaughn.

Labor Movement in America. By Richard T. Ely.

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